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THE INTERLUDE OF
CALISTO AND
MELEBEA

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS

1908

This reprint of *Calisto and Melebea* has been prepared by
the General Editor and checked by Frank Sidgwick.

Oct. 1908.

W. W. Greg.

THE only known copy of this 'new cōmodye in englysh in maner of an enterlude,' sometimes known from the heading as the *Beauty of Women* but more usually from the chief characters as *Calisto and Melebea*, is preserved among Malone's books in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is a folio volume printed in ordinary black-letter of the size known as English (20 ll. = 93 mm.). At the end appear the words 'Iohēs rastell me imprimi fecit,' and Rastell's device also occurs, but it should be noticed that the upper ornament on A1 and that on the right of C4 are found associated with the device of John Skot in a *Modus Observandi Curiam* printed c. 1530. John Rastell was in business from 1516 to 1533, Skot from 1521 to 1537.

The interlude is a partial rendering of the great Spanish dramatic novel *Celestina*, which literary history connects with the names of Juan de Mena, Rodrigo Cota, and Fernando de Rojas. The names of the characters are retained with the exception of Pleberio, who becomes Danio, but the English play only reproduces the first four out of the twenty-one acts of the original, and the conclusion is entirely different.

In the attack on the stage known as 'A second and third blast of retrait from plaies and Theaters,' printed in 1580, occurs a passage: 'The nature of their Comedies are, for the most part, after one manner of nature, like the tragical Comedie of *Calistus*; where the bawdresse *Scelestina* inflamed the maiden *Melibeia* with her sorceries' (sig. G8^v). This was most likely the play entered to William Aspley in the Stationers' Register, 5 October 1598, as: 'The tragicke Comedy of *Celestina*, wherein are discoursed in most pleasant stile manye Philosophicall sentences and advertisementes verye necessarye for younge gentlemen Discoveringe the

sleightes of treacherous servantes and the subtile cariages of filthye bawdes' (Arber's Transcript, III. 127). It does not appear to have been printed, and whether it bore any direct relation to the present piece is not known. The *Celestina* itself first appeared in England in James Mabbe's translation under the title of the *Spanish Bawd*, 1631.

The original impression of this interlude is by no means a bad piece of printing if we except a few passages in which there are a somewhat unreasonable number of instances of turned 'm.' The press-work is good, and 'n' and 'u' (when not turned) are quite readily distinguishable. The present reprint is, of course, reduced in size, but in other respects it aims at reproducing the original with the same fidelity as previous volumes issued by the Society.

It should perhaps be remarked that in the outer bottom corner of A6^v there is a fragment of a manuscript note which apparently runs: 'of y^{is} cō... begin as y^e Bi befor.' The meaning is not apparent.

IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| 27. Infayth | 128. thattpe |
| 34. a mys | 130. lastt ^e (lastt th ?) |
| 46. strenē (last letter blotted) | 140. [C] |
| 48. woman hōd | 146. I nough |
| 50. manyfestm ^e (?) | 147. Bnt |
| 55. dyffereus | 150. keppt ^h in hym keppt ^h |
| 65. [C] | 156. obeptanus |
| 67. he come | 162. S (omit) |
| 68. kuetō | Awoman |
| 77. awapto | 163. ponc . . . playu |
| 87. creatur ^e | 168. heupu |
| 91. [C] | 172. hard ^e |
| 99. withont | 179. auannce |
| 123. Bnt | 191. sighttng ^e |

195. countenannce
 196. Juconſtannce
 212. ychewhyt
 215. fortune
 216. Roman
 219. thought (though)
 234. incompariſon
 252. m ore (?)
 256. wouan
 257. lo ue
 260. abhor (abhor)
 261. wyunnyug /
 308. comyn (i.e. common = com-
 mune)
 311. ſeuannnt
 316. ſendfoze
 329. thynkyug
 337. hym (hym)
 349. ponc
 353. thynkyth
 369. thon . . . qd̄ (i.e. quod)
 370. Part of this line has been cut out
 of the original.
 381. thug
 414. cf. l. 370.
 419. le y (?)
 428. enu y (?)
 438. Reſurreccon
 455. ſeuynio
 458. [Ca]
 463. ſuſpectious
 486. a old
 499. infeyth
 503. ſhildyſt
 506. ȝ (ȝ)
 of the
 511. woder
 517. woldeſtthou
 519. ſmellydyſt
 520. ſhamefull
 521. aud
 525. mcy (i.e. mercy)
 532. maiſſer (maiſter: reading ra-
 ther doubtful)
 533. karyth
 544. popfull (ioyfull)
 556. [Ce]
 563. a non
 570. ſenſnall
 589. [C]
 596. C (belongs to l. 595)
 604. Imballade
 611. ue
 630. If
 639. parueno
 640. caue . . . wouan
 641. au
 643. frow
 644. uad
 645. wouen
 646. way
 648. [C]
 649. woder
 650. god (god)
 654. Aud
 658. tyue
 664. ſelfas
 668. wold (wold)
 691. aray (arayed?)
 695. [C] . . . maydon
 698. [ȝ] . . . accoyntanaunce
 706. month (mouth)
 707. luyſe re
 717. Ilyſt
 753. a lowable
 758. ſekefolk
 762. countenaunne
 767. pyteſnl
 768. huublyth hym
 784. I plyght
 794. lnc
 798. bnedicite
 800. me diſſepue me
 808. uy

810. Aud . . . le se (?)
 815. a mende
 819. A las
 823. [C]
 845. C (omit)
 848. adog
 851. [D]
 852. thecase
 861. iu
 887. uothpyng
 925. Aud
 935. tpyhyge . . . tho rty
 948. iu
 952. Ina (?)
 961. aprikeryd

966. a pase
 967. a howt
 973. tomoth
 974. fonle
 981. loquit (i.e. loquitur)
 lamentabili
 985. A las
 987. [D]
 988. canse
 990. [D]
 995. [D]
 1009. prikyeryd
 1038. for (the 'f' doubtful)
 1084. iu
 1097. obedyeus

Many proper names, even names of speakers, are printed entirely in lower case. There is no upper-case 'w' or 'y,' and other lower-case letters also occasionally appear at the beginning of lines.

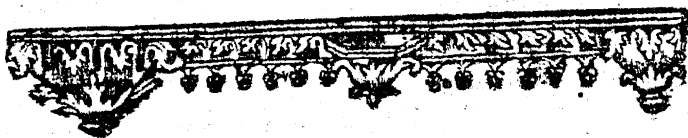
LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Melebea, the maiden.	Sempronio	} servants of Calisto.
Calisto, the lover.	Parmeno	
Celestina, the bawd.	Danio, father of Melebea.	

The following list of entries and exits, of which only those with an asterisk are marked in the original, may serve to make the action clear.

1. *Enter Melebea.	588. *Re-enter Calisto.
41. Enter Calisto.	Re-enter Sempronio.
74. *Exit Melebea.	595. Exit Celestina.
80. Enter Sempronio.	602. Exit Sempronio.
102. Exit Sempronio.	610. Parmeno comes forward.
107. Re-enter Sempronio.	617. *Exit Calisto.
298. Exit Sempronio.	639. *Exit Parmeno.
312. Exit Calisto.	*Enter Melebea.
313. Enter Celestina.	647. *Enter Celestina.
376. *Enter Sempronio.	914. *Exit Melebea.
396. *Enter Calisto and Parmeno.	928. Exit Celestina.
468. Exit Calisto and Sempronio.	929. *Enter Danio.
587. Parmeno retires (cf. l. 602).	937. Enter Melebea.

A new comode in englysh in maner
 Of an enterlude ryght elygant & full of craft
 of rethorik / wherein is shewd & dyscrybd as
 well the bewte & good properes of women/
 as theyr vycys & euyl cōdiciōs / with a morall
 cōclucion & exhortacyon to vertew



Melebea

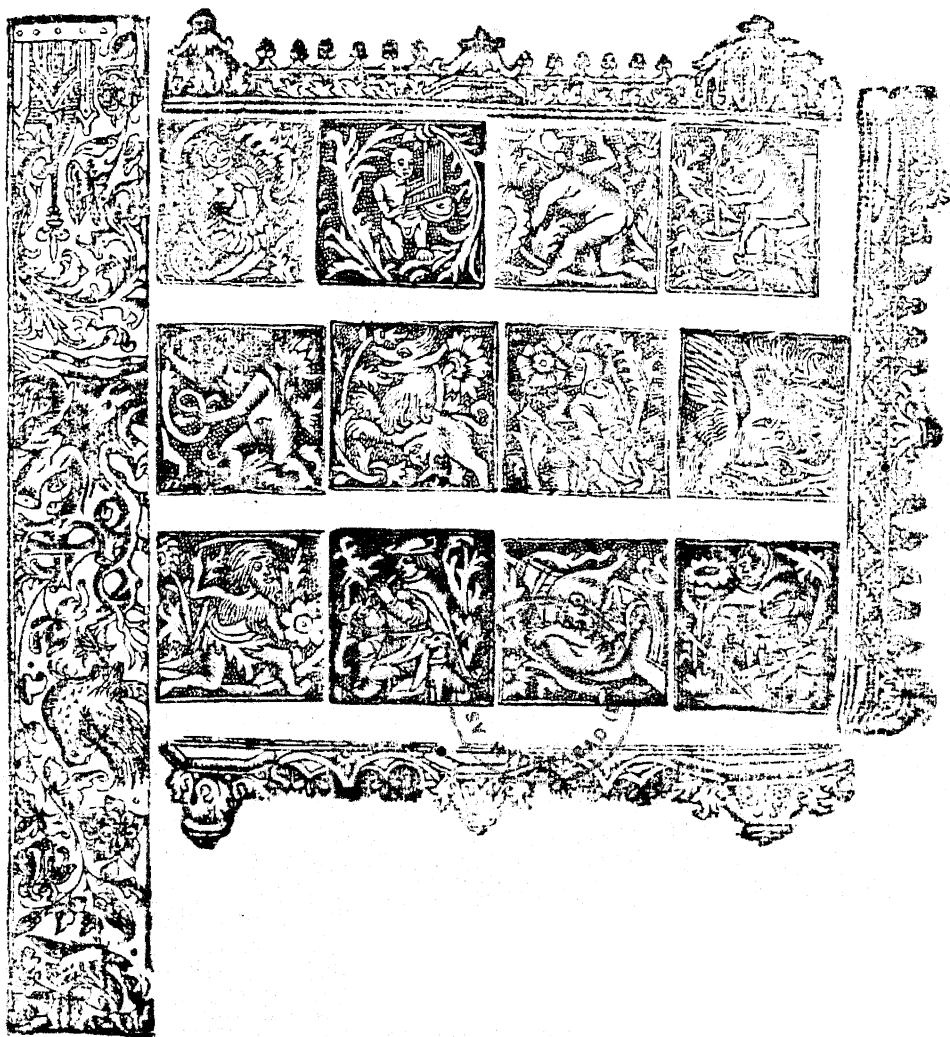
Franciscus petrarcus the poet laureate
 Sayth that nature whych is mother of all thing
 wout stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create
 And Eradito the wyle clerk in his wrytyng
 Sayth in all thyng create stryff is theyr working
 And ther is no thing vnder the firmament
 with any other in all poyntes equivalent

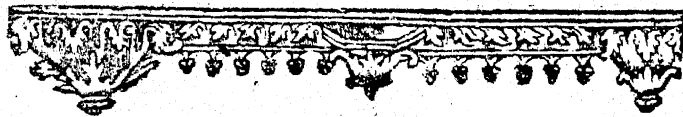
If the cause of the myscheff^e were seen before
 whych by cōiecture to fall be most lykely
 And good laws & ordynauncys made therefore
 to put a way the cause / y^e were best remedī
 what is the cause that ther be so many
 Theft^e & robberies / it is be cause we be
 Dryuen therto by nede & pouerte
 And what is the berey cause of that nede
 Be cause they labur not for theyr lyfing
 And trewth is they can not well labour in dede
 Be cause in youth of theyr ydyll bpbringyng
 But this thyng shall neuer come to reformyng
 But the world cōtynually shalbe nought
 As long as yong pepyll be euell bpbrought
 Wherefore the eternall god that raynyth on hye
 Send his mercifull grace & influens
 To all gouernours that they circumspectly
 May rule theyr inferiours by such prudence
 To bryng them to bettew & detw obedyens
 And that they & we all by his grete mercy
 May be pteners of hys blessyd glozy.

Amen.

Johēs tassel me imprinifect

Cum prinilegio regali





FACSIMILES BY HORACE HART, M.A., AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

A new cōmodye in englysh in maner
Of an enterlude ryght elygant & full of craft
of rethoryk / where in is shewd & dyscrybpd as
well the bewte & good propertes of women /
as theyr bycys & euill cōdiciōs / with a morall
cōclusion & exhortacyon to bettew

• Melebea

¶ Franciscus petrarcus the poet laboreate
Sayth that nature whych is mother of all thing
w out stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create
And Cracito the wyse clerk in his wrytyng
Sayth in all thyng create stryff is theyre workyng
And ther is no thing vnder the firmament
with any other in all poyntes equivalent
¶ And accordyng to theyre dictys rehercyd as thus
All thyng are create in maner of stryfe 10
These folys louers then that be so amercous
fro pleasure to displeasure how lede they theyr lyfe
Now sory now sad now Joyous now penyfe
Alas I pore mayden than what shall I do
Combrpd by dotage of one Calisto
¶ I know that nature hath gyvyn me betw
with languynous complectyon fauour & caprynes
The more to god ought I to do sewte
with wyll lyfe laud and loue of persytnes
I deny not but calisto is of grete worthynes 20
Al.

But what of that for all hys hygh estate
 Hys desyre I desyre & vttterly shall hate
Chis saynges & lutes so importune
 That of my lyfe he makyth me almost wery
 O hys lamentacyons & exclamacyons on fortune
 In amylptude maner as one that shuld be
 But who shall pyte thys Insayth not I
 Shall I accōplysh hys carnall desyre
 Nay yet at a stake rather bren in a fyre
Of trouth I am sorpy for hys trouble
 To stryue wryth hym self thus for loue of me
 But though hys sorowes I assure you shuld dooble
 Out of his daunger wyll I be at lyberte
 What a mys woman now crist benedicite
 Nay nay he shall neuer that day see
 Hys voluptuous appetyte cōsentyd by me
Owyst he now that I were present here
 I assure you shortly he wold seke me
 And without dout he doth now inquere
 wether I am gone or where I shuld be
 Se / is he not now come I report me
 Alas of thys man I can nener be ryd
 wold to cryst I wyll where I myght be hyd
Calisto **W**y you seyre melebea may be lene
 The grace the gyftes the gretnes of god
M where i / **C.** In takyng effect of dāe nature strene
 Not perthly but angellyke of lykelyhode
 In bewte so passyng the kinde of woman hod
 O god I myght in your presens be able
 To manyfest my dolours incōperable
Greter were that reward than the grace
 Heupn to optayn by workys of pyte
 Not so gloriuous be the sattes that se goddes face
 Ne Joy not so moch as I do you to see
 yet dyfferens there is bytwene theym & me
 For they glory by his assurpd presens
 And I in torment be cause of your absens
Why thynkyst thou that so grete a reward
Ca pe more greter than yf god wold set me
 In heupn aboue all seyntes & more in regard
 And thynk it a more hyper selycyte
 yet more gretter thy reward shalbe
M yf thou sle fro the determynacyon
 Of thy cōsent of mynd by such temptacion

30

40

50

60

I persepue the entent of thy wordys all
 As of the wyt of hym that wold haue the vertew
 Of me such a woman to be come thral
 So thy wey wyth sorow I wold thou knew
 I haue soule skorn of the I tell the trew
 Or any humayn creature with me shuld begyn 70
 Any comunycacyon perterpnyng to syn
 And I promple the where thou art present
 whyle I lyff by my wyll I wyll be absent

Et exeat

To out of all ioy I am fallyn in wo
 • Upon whom aduers fortune hath cast her chauns
 Of cruell hate whych causyth now awapto go
 The keper of my ioy and all my pleasauns
 Alas alas now to me what noyauns 80
 Dew gard my lord and god be in this place
 Sempronio / S. ye syr. C. a syr I shrew thy face
 Why hast thou bene from me so long absent
 For I haue bene about your bysynes
 To order such thyng as were conuenient
 your house and horse and all thyng was to dress
 O sempronio haue pyte on my dysces
 For of all creature I am the wofullest
 How so what is the cause of your vnest
 C For I serue in loue to the goodlyest thyng 90
 That is or euer was. S. what is the
 It is one which is all other excedyng
 The picture of angelle yf thou her see
 Phebus or phebe no comparyson may be
 To her. S. what hyght she / C. melebea is her name
 Mary syr this wold make a wyld hors tame
 C I pray the sempronio goo fet me my lute
 And hyng some chapre or stole with the
 The argument of loue that I may dispute
 whych scens I fynd the arte without pyte
 By the sempronio by the I pray the 100
 Syr shortly I assure you it shalbe done
 Then farewell cryst lend the agayn sone
 C O what fortune is egall vnto myne
 O what wofull wyght with me may compare
 The thurst of sorow is my myrpd wyne
 which dayly I drynk wyth deepe draught of care
 Tush syr be mery let pas away the mace
 How sey you haue I not hped me lyghtly
 All.

Here is your chayne and lute to make you mery
 C Wryt quod a / nay that wyl not be 110
 But I must nedys lye for very feblenes
 Gve me my lute and thou shalt see
 How I shall lye myne unhappynes
 Thys lute is out of tune now as I ges
 Alas in tune how shuld I set it
 when all armony to me discordith yche whyt
 C As he to whos wyl reton is unruly
 For I fele tharp nedys within my brest
 Deas warre truth haterad and iniury
 Hope and suspect and all in one chest 120
 Behold nero in the loue of tapaya oprest
 Rome how he brent / old and yong wept
 Bnt he toke no thought nor neuer the less slept
 C Greter is my fyre and less pyre shewd me
 I wyl not mok this soule is a loue
 what sayst thou / S. I say how can that fyre be
 That tormentyth but one luyng man greter
 Than that fyre that brenyth a hole cyty here
 And all y people ther. C. mary for y fyre ys greterst
 That brennyth herey soze and lastyt lengyt 130
 C And greter is the fyre that brenyth one soule
 Than that whych brenyth an hundred bodyes
 Hys sayeng in this none can controll
 None but such as lyst to make lyes
 And yf the fyre of purgatory bren in such wyse
 I had leue my spirete in brute best shuld be
 Than to go thydyr and than to the deyte
 C Mary lye that is a spyce of heryle
 why so / S. For ye speke lyke no crystyn man
 I wold thou knewyst melebea worthyp I 140
 In her I beleue and her I loue / S. A ha than
 wryth the melebea is a grete woman
 I know on whych cote thou dost halt on
 I shall shortly hele the my lyf theuppon
 C An vncredable thyng thou dost promyse me
 Nay nay it is ealy I nough to do
 Bnt surst for to hele a man knowlege must be
 Of the seknes than to gyff counsell ther to
 what counsell can rule hym sempronio
 That kepeth in hym kepeth no order of counsell 150
 A is this Calisto his fyre / now I know well
 C How that loue ouer hym hath cast her net

In whole perſeuerans is all inconfians
why. is not Eliceas loue and thyn met
what than. **C.** why reprocueſt me than of ignorans
For thou ſettyſt mannys dignite in obeyſanus
To the imperfeccion of the weke woman
A womā ſay a god of goddeſſes. **S.** beleuyſt þ̄ thā
Cye and as a goddeſſe **I** here confeſſe
And **I** beleue there is no luch ſufferayn 160
In heuyn though ſhe be in yerth. **S.** peas peas
Awoman a god nay to god a byllayn
Of yowr ſayeng ye may be ſory. **C** it is playu
why ſo. **C.** becauſe **I** loue her and thynk ſurely
To obteyn my deſyre **I** am vnworthy
C O ferfull hart why comparſt thou w̄ Rembroth
Or alexander of this world not lord onely
But worthy to ſubdew heuyn as ſayeng goth
And thou reputſt thy ſelf more h̄e
Then them both and dyſpayrſt ſo cowardly 170
To wyne a woman of whom hath ben ſo many
Gotten and yngotten neuer harde of any
C It is reſcytyd in the feſt of ſeynt Jhon
Thys is the woman of auncyoun malyce
Of whom but of a woman was it long on
That adam was expulſyd from paradys
She put man to payn whom ely dyd diſpyle
Than ſyrh adam gaſt hym to theyre gouernaunce
Am **I** gretter than adam my ſelf to auanrice
C Nay but of thoſe men it were wylſedome 180
That ouercame them to ſeke remedy
And not of thoſe that they dyd ouercome
Fle from theyre begynnyng elchew theyre ſoly
Thou knowſt they do euill thyng many
They kepe no meane but rygour of intencion
Be it ſayre ſoule wylfull without reaſon
C Kepe them neuer ſo cloſe they wylbe ſhewyd
Gyft tokyngs of loue by many ſubtell ways
Semyng to be thepe and ſerpently ſhrewd
Craft in them renewyng that neuer decays 190
Theyre ſeyngel ſightyngel prouokyngel theyr plays
O what payn is to fulfyl theyre appetyte
And to accompliſh theyre wanton deſyrtis
C It is a wonder to ſe theyre dyſlemblyng
Theyre flatteryng countenanne theyr ingratytude
Inconſtanne ſais witneſe ſaynyd wepyng

There bayn glory and how they can delude
Theyre folythnes theyre Janglyng not melode
Theyre lecherous lust and wylenes therfore
why chcraft & charmys to make men to theyre lore 200
¶ Theyre enbawmyng & theyre vnhamfastnes
Theyre bawdry theyre luttelte & fresh attyrpnyng
what trimpnyng what payntyng to make saynes
Theyre fals intent & dykkeryng smylyng
Therfore lo yt is an old sayeng

That women be the dyuelle nettle and hed of syn
And mannys mysery in paradyse dyd begyn

S ¶ But what thynkyst thou by me yet for all this
Maye sye ye were a man of cleze wyte
whom nature hath indewyd w the best gyfte 210
As bewte & gretnes of membres persyt
Strenght lyghtnes & beyond this ychewhyt
Fortune hath partyd with you of her indyuens
For to be able of lyberall expens

¶ For wythout goodde wherof fortune is lady
Roman can haue welth therfore by coniecture
yow shuld be belouyd of euery body

Calisto But not of Helebea now I am sure
And thought thou hadst praylyd me wout mesure
And comparyd me wíthout comparíson 220
yet she is aboue in euery condicion

¶ Behold her noblenes her aunceyon lynage
Her gret patrymony her excellent wyte
Her resplendent verteu hye portly corage
Her godly grace her sufferceyn bewte persyte
No tong is able well to expresse it

But yet I pray the let me speke a whyle
My self to recrease in exhercyng of my skyle

¶ I begyn at her herr which is so goodly
Crispyd to her helys tyed with fyne lase 230
farr thynnyng beyond fyne gold of araby

I trow the son coler to hyt may gyft place
That who to behold it myght haue the grace
wold say incomparíson nothyng couteuaylyys
Then is it not lyke here of alle sayles

S **Ca** ¶ What foule comparíson this felow raylyys
Her gay glasyng epen so sayre and byggt
Her browes her nose in a meane no fastyon saylyys
Her mouthpper & feate her teeth smalle & whyggt
Her lyppis ruddy her body strenght byggt 240

Her lyttell tetys to the eye is a pleasure
 What Joy it is to se such a fygyure
 Her skyn of whytnes endarkyth the snow
 wyth rose colour ennewyd I the ensue
 Her lyttell hande in meane maner this is no crow
 Her fyngers small & long w naylys ruddy most pure
 Of proporcyon none such in purtrayture
 without pere worthy to haue for sayzenes
 The apple that parys gaue venus the goddes
 Sir haue ye all done. C. ye maye what than
 I put case all this ye haue sayd be trewe
 yet are ye more noble lyth ye be a man
 wherin. S. he is vnperfeyte I wold ye knewe
 As all women be and of lesse valew
 Phylosophers say the matter is lest worthy
 Than the forme / so is woman to man surely
 I lo ue not to here this altertacion
 Betwene melebea and me her loue
 Possyble it is in euery condicyon
 To abhor her as mych as you do loue her
 In the wympug / begilyng is the daunger
 That ye shall see here after wyth eyen trewe
 with what eyen. S. with clere eyen trust me
 Why wyth what eyen do I se now
 wyth dyme eyen whych shew a lyttl thyng much
 But for ye shall not dispayre I assure you
 No labour nor dyligens in me shall guch.
 So trusty & fryndely ye shall fynd me such
 In all thyng possyble that ye can adquire
 The thyng to accomplysh to your desyre
 God bryng that to passe so glad it is to me
 To here the thus though I hope not in thy doyng
 yet I shall do yt trust me for a surete
 God reward the for thy gentyll intendyng
 I gyff the this chayn of gold in rewardyng
 Sir god reward you & send vs good sped
 I dout not but I shall performe it in dede
 But wythout reward it is hard to work well
 I am content so thou be not necligent
 Nay be not you / for it passyth a meruell
 The master slow / the seruant to be dyligent
 How thynkyst it can be shew me thyne intent
 Sir I haue a nelyghbour a moder of bawdry
 That can prouoke the hard rokks to lechery

In all euyl dede she is perfet wyse
I knowe more than a **M** byrgyns
Hauene bene destroyed by her subtell deuyse
For she neuer saylyth where she begynnys
All onely by thys craft her lyfying she wyynnys
Sayde wyfys wydows and euerychone
If she ones meddyl thez skappth none
How myght **I** speke wyth her sempronio
I shall hyng her hyder vnto this place
But ye must in any wyse let rewardis go
And shew her your greyus in euery case
Ellys were **I** not worthy to attayn grace
But alas sempronio thou taryest to long
Syr god be with you. **C.** Cyst make the strong
The myghty and perdurable god be his gyde
As he gydyd the iij kyng in to bedleme
From the est by the warre and agayn dyd proude
As theyre conduct to retoyn to theyre own teame
So spede my sempronio to quench the leme
Of this fyre which my hart doth wast & spende
And that **I** may com to my desyrd ende
To pas the tyme now wyll **I** walk
Up and down within myne orchard
And to my self go comyn and talke
And pray that fortune to me be not hard
Longyng to here whethez made or maid
My nrelage shall return by my seruannt sempronio
Thus farewell my lordys for a whyle **I** wyll go
Now the blessing that our lady gaue her lone
That same blessing **I** gyue now to you all
That **I** com thus homely **I** pray you of pdon
I am sought and sendfore as a woman vnuerfall
Celestina of trowth my name is to call
Sempronio for me about doth inqueze
And it was told me **I** shuld haue found hym here
I am sure he wyll com hyther anone
But the whylyst **I** shall tell you a prety game
I haue a wench of sempronios a prety one
That soioynth with me Elecea is her name
But the last day we were both ny a stark thame
For sempronio wold haue her to hym self seuerell
And she loupth one Crypto better or as well
Thys Crypto and Elecea sat dyynkyng
In my hous and **I** also makyng meze

290

300

310

320

And as the deuyll wold farr from our thynkpyg
 Sempronio almost cam on vs sodenly 330
 But then wrought I my craft of bawdery
 I bad Crypto go bp and make hym self come
 To hyde hym in my chamber among the brome
 ¶ Then made I Elicea lye down a sowynge
 And I wyth my rok began for to lpyne
 As who sayth of sempionio we had no knowynge
 He knockyd at the doze and I lete hym in
 And for a countenaunce I dyd begyn
 To catch hym in myne armys and seyde see see
 Who kysst me Elicea and wyll not kys the 340
 ¶ Elicea for a countenaunce made her greyue
 And wold not speke but styll dyd cove
 Why speke ye not quod sempionio be ye meuyd
 Haue I not a cause quod she no quod he I trow
 A traytour quod she full well dost thou know
 Where hast thou ben these .iii. days fro me
 That the inpostume and euill deth take the
 ¶ Please myne Elicea quod he why say ye thus
 Alas why put you yowr self in this wo
 The hote fyre of loue so brennyth betwene vs 350
 That my hart is wyth yours where euer I go
 And for .iii. days ablens to say to me so
 In sayth me thynkpyth ye be to blame
 But now hark well for here begynnyth the game
 ¶ Crypto in my chamber aboue that was hyddyn
 I thynk lay not easly and began to romble
 Sempionio hard that and askyd who was withyn
 Aboue in the chamber that so dyd romble
 Who quod she a louer of myne / may hap ye romble 360
 Quod he on the trewth as many one doth
 Go bp quod she and loke whether it be soth
 ¶ Well quod he I go / nay thought I not so
 I sayd com sempionio let this foole alone
 For of thy long ablens she is in such wo
 And half helyde her self and her wyt ny gone
 Well quod he aboue yet ther is one
 Wylt thou know quod I ye quod he I the requere
 It is a wench quod I sent me by a freere
 ¶ What freere quod he wilt thou nedre know qd I thā
 It is the fl[] 370
 ¶ Quod he what a lode hath that woman
 To here hym / ye quod I though women per case

Bere heuy full oft yet they gall in no place
Then he laught / ye quod I no mo wordē of this
For this tyme to long we spend here amys

Intrat sempionio

S **C** Moder Celestyne I pray god prosper the
A **M**y son sempionio I am glad of our metyng
S And as I here say ye go aboute to seke me
De trowth to seke you was myne hyther comyng 380
Mothur ley a pette now all other thyng
And all only tend to me and I magyn
In that that I purpōse now to begyn

C **C**alisto in the loue of saye melebea
Brynnyth wherfore of the he hath grette nede
Thou seyst well knowyst not me Celestina
I haue the end of the matter and for more spede
Thou shalte wade no fether / for of this dede
I am as glad as euer was the luygon
For salys for broke hede to make proupyon 390
C And so intend I to do to Calisto

S **T**o gyff hym hope and assure hym cmedy
For long hope to the hait mych trouble wyll do
wherfore to the effect therof I wyll hve
Peas for me thynkpyth Calisto is nye

Intrat Calisto et parmeno

C **P**armeno. P. what sey you. C. wottyst who is here
Sempionio that reuyuyth my chere

P **I**t is sempionio with that old berdyd hore
Be ye they my maister so loye for dorch long 400

C **P**reas I sey parmeno or go out of the dore
Compyt thou to hinder me then dost thou me wrong
I pray the help for to make me more strong

S **T**o wyn this woman esse godde forhod
She hath equall power of my lyff vnder god

P **W**herfore to her do ye make such sorow
Thynk ye in her ars ther is any shame

C **T**he contrary who tellyth you he neuer his borro
For as much she gloryfeyth her in her name

S **T**o be callyd an old hore as ye wold of fame 410
Dogge in the strete and chyldren at euery dore

C **B**ark and cry out ther goth an old hore
C **H**ow knowyst all this dost thou know her

P **y**e that [day] agone
For a fals hore the deupll ouer throth her

M'y moder when she dyed gaue me to her alone

And a sterke baud was ther neuer none
 For that I know I dare well se
 Let se the contrary who can ley
C I haue bene at her hows & lene her trynkette 420
 For payntyng thyng innumerable
 Squalmys & balmys I wonder where she gette
 The thyng that she hath with folke for to fable
 And to all haudry euer agreable
 yet wors then that whych wyl neuer be last
 Not only a baud but a wyche by her craft
C Say what thou wilt son spare not me
 I pray the permene lese thy malypous enuy
 Hark hydyr sempronio here is but we thre
 In that I haue sayd canst thou denye 430
C om hens permene I loue not thys I
 And good mother greue you not I you pray
 My mynde I shall shew now hark what I say
C D notable woman D auntyent betrew
 D glorpyous hope of my desyryd intent
 Thende of my delectable hope to renew
 My regeneracion to this lyfe present
 Resurreccoon from deth / so excellent
 Thou art aboue other / I desyre humbly
 To kys thy handes wherein lyeth my remedy 440
C But myne vnworthines maikyth resystence
 yet worship I the ground that thou goost on
 Beseching the good woman with most reuerens
 On my payn with thy pyte to loke vpon
 without thy comfort my lyfe is gone
 To rebvye my dede spryte thou mayst preferr me
 with the wordes of thy mouth to make or marr me
C Sempronio can I lyff with these bonys
 That thy master gyffyth me here for to ete 450
 wordes are but wynd therfore attons
 Byd hym close his mouth and to his purs get
 For money maikyth marchaunt that must let
 I haue herd his wordes but where be his dedes
 For w out money w me no thyng spedys
C what seyth the sempronio alas my hart bledes
 That I wyth you good woman mystrust shuld be
 for the thynktyth that money all thyng sedys
 Then come on sempronio I pray the wyth me
 And tary here moder a whyle I pray the
 For where of mystrust ye haue me appelyd 460

Ce
 S
 P
 Ca

Ce

Ca

S

S Haue here my cloke tyll your dout be assoylid
How do ye well for wede among coin
 Nor suspicious to frynde byd neuer well
Or faythfulnes of wordes tornyd to a skoin
Ca Makyth mynde doutfull good reason doth tell
W Come on sempionio thou gyffest me good counsell
P Go ye before & I shall wayt you bypon
 Farewell mother we wyll come agayn anon
How sey ye my lordis se ye not this smoke
 In my maisters eyes y they do cast 470
 The one hath his chapn the other his cloke
 And I am sure they wyll haue all at last
 Ensample may be by this y is past
 How seruautis be dyslaytfull in theyr maisters foly
 Nothyng but for lucre is all theyr bawdy
Ce It pleaseth me parmeno that we to gedyr
 May speke wherby thou maist se I loue the
 yet vnderferyd now thou comest hydyr
 wherof I care not but better warnyth me
 To ste temptacyon & solow charyte 480
 To do good agayns yll & so I rede the
 Sempionio & I wyll helpe thy necessitye
 And in tokyen now that it shall so be
 I pray the among vs let vs haue a song
 For where armony is ther is ampte
P what a old woman syng / **Ce.** why not among
 I pray the no lenger the tyme prolong
P Go to when thou wylt I am redy
Ce Shall I begyn / **p.** ye but take not to hye / & cantant
C How sey ye now by this lryll pong sole 490
 For the thyrde parte sempionio we must get
 After that thy maister shall come to skole
 To syng the fourth parte y his purs shall stwet
 For I so craftely the song can let
 Though thy maister be hors his purs shall syng cleye
 And taught to solf that womans flesch is dere
 How seyest to this thou praty parmeno
 Thou knowest not the world nor no delystis therin
 Dost vnderstand me inseyth I tro no
 Thou art pong inough the game to begyn 500
 Thy maister hath wadyd hym self so farr in
 And to bryng hym out lyeth not in me old pore
P Thou shaldest sey it lyeth not in me old hore
Ce A horelon a shame take such a knaue

How darst thou wyth me thou boy be so bold
 Be cause such knolege of the I haue
 why who art / p / pmeno son to albert the old
 I dwelt to the by the ryuer where wyne was sold
 And thy moder I trow hyght claudena
 That a wylde fyre bren the celestena 510
 But thy moder was as olde a hore as I
 Come hyder thou lypyl sole let me see the
 A it is euen he by our blyssyd lady
 what lypyl brchyn hast forgotyn me
 whe thou layst at my bedde fete how meyn were we
 A thou old matrone it were almys thou were ded
 How woldest thou pluk me bp to thy bedde hed
 And inbrace me hard vnto thy hely
 And for thou smellydyt oldly I ran from the
 A shamefull horelon fy vpon the fy fy 520
 Come hyther aud now shortly I charge the
 That all this folys spekyng thou let be
 Leue wantonnes of youth than shalt thou do well
 Folow the doctryne of thy Elders and counsell
 To who thy parent on whos soulis god haue mcy
 In payn of curlyng bad the he obedyent
 In payn wherof I command the straptly
 To much i masterhip put not thyne intent
 No trust is in theym if thyne owen be spent
 Maysters now adays cobeit to byng about 530
 All for theym self & let theyre seruantes go without
 Thy maister men sey and as I thynk he be
 But lyght karych not who come to his serupce
 Faire wordes shall not lak but smal rewardes trust me
 Make sempronio thy fcynd in any wyle
 For he can handle hym in the best gyle
 Kepe thys & for thy profet tell it to none
 But loke that sempronio and thou be one
 Moder celestyne I wot not what ye meane 540
 Calisto is my mayster and so I wyll take hym
 And as for ryches I desye it clene
 For who so euer with wrong ryche doth make hym
 Soner than he gat it / it wyll forsake hym
 I loue to lye in popfull pouerte
 And to serue my mayster w trewth and honeste
 Troth and honeste be ryches of the name
 But surete of welth is to haue ryches
 And after that for to get hym good fame
 Bi.

By report of frynde thys is truth dowtles
 Than no such maner frynd can I expelle
 As sempronio for both your pfecte to spede 550
 whych lyeth in my hande now yf ye be agreyd
 ¶ pmeno what a lyse may we endure
 Sempronio louth the doughter of elysa
 And who arusa / Ce. lykyst her / p / peraduenture
 I shall get her to the that shall I do
 ¶ A moder celystyne I purpose not so
 A man shuld be couerlant I here tell
 wyth them that be yf & thynk to do well
 ¶ Sempronio hys ensample shall not make me 560
 Better nor wors nor hys fault wyl I hyde
 But moder celestyne a questyon to the
 Is not syn a non in one espyed
 That is brownyd in delyte / how shuld he proude
 Agayns vertew to saue hys honeste
 Lyke a chylde w out wyldome thou answerst me
 ¶ without copany mirth can haue non estate
 ble no stowth nature abhorryth idelnes
 whych lesyth delyte to nature appropiate
 In sensnall causys delyght is chese maistres 570
 Specially recountyng louys hylynes
 To say thus doth the the tyme thus they pas
 And soch maner they ble and thus they kys & balle
 ¶ And thus they mete & enbrale to gyther
 what spech what grale what pley is betwene theim
 where is the there the goth let vs se whyther
 Now pleasyd now froward now mume now hem
 Strype vp mynstrel w sawe of loue the old proble
 Syng swete songe now Juste & torney
 Of new inuencyons what conceyte fynd they 580
 ¶ Now the goth to mas to morow the comyth owt
 Behold her better yonder goth a cokold
 I left her alone / the comyth / turn abowt
 Lo thus permeno thou mayst behold
 Frynde wyl talk to geder as I haue told
 wher fore perleue thou that I sey truly
 Neuer can be delyte w out copany

Hic iterum intrat calisto

Ca Moder as I promysed to alloyle thy dowt
 Here I gyle the an. C. pels of gold
 Ce Syr I promyse you I shall byng it about
 All thynge to purpose eyn as pe wold

590

For your reward I wyll do as I shuld
 Be mery fere nothyng cōtent ye shall be
 Then moder fare well be dyligent I pray the
 How sayst sempronio haue I done well
 ye syr in my mynd & most accordyng
 Then wylt thou do after my counsell
 After this old woman wylt thou be hyeng
 To remember & haue her in euery thyng
 Syr I am content as ye cōmaund me
 Then go & byd pmeno come I pray the
 How god be theyre gyddys the possē of my lyfe
 My relese fro deth the Imballade of my welth
 My hope my hap my quyetnes my stryfe
 My Joy my sorow my lekenes my helth
 The hope of thys old woman my hart telth
 That comfort shall come shortly as I Intend
 Or els come deth & make of me an end
 In sayth it makyth no soyle nor matter mych
 what seyst pmeno what sayst to me
 Mary I say playnly that yonder old wyche
 And sempronio to geder wyll vndo the
 A yll tongyd wretch wyll ye not see
 Thyngkyst thou lordeyn thou hadelyst me sayre
 why knaue woldest thou put me now in dylpayre
 Et exeat calisto
 Lo syrs my master ye se is angry
 But thys it is tell folys for theyre proffyt
 Or warn theym for theyre welth it is but soly
 For stryk theym on the hele and as moch wylt
 Shall cō forth as at theyr forehede to pleyue it
 Go thy way calesto for on my charge
 Thy thyft is sealyd bp though thou be at large
 How vnhappy I am to be trewe
 For other men wyl be falsehed & flattery
 I lese for my troth the world doth so ensew
 Troth is put bak & takyn for soly
 Therefore now I wyll chaunge my copy
 If I had done as celystyne had me
 Calisto hys mynyon styll wold haue had me
 Thys gyuyth me warnyng from hens forward
 How to dele w hym for all thyng as he wyll
 I will the same forward or bakward
 I will go streyght to hym and folow hym still
 Say as he sayth be it good or yll

600

610

620

630

And syth these bawde get good prouokynge lechery
I trust flattery shall speede as well as bawdery
Hic exeat parmeno et intret melebea

M ¶ I pray you came this woman here neuer syn 640
In sayth to entre here I am halt adrad
And yet why so / I may boldly com in
I am sure from you all I shall not be had
But ielus ielus be these men so mad
On women as they sey / how shuld it be
It is but fables and lyes ye may trust me

Intret Celestina

C God be here i **M**. who is the? **C**. wyl ye bye any thied
M ye mary good moder I pray you come in
C Cryst saue you sayre messyes & godd be your spede 650
And helth be to you & all your kyn

And mary godde mother that blessed byrgyn
Preserue & prosper your womanly personage
Aud well to inioy your yough & pulcell age
¶ For that tyme pleasyngs are most eschpyd
And age is the hospytall of all maner syknes
The resting place of all thought vnreleuyd
The spoite of tyme past the ende of all quiknes
Neybour to deth a dry stok wythout swetnes
Discomforte disease all age alowith 660

A tye without sap that small chage boweth

M ¶ I meruell moder ye speke so much yll
C Of age that all folke desyre effectuously
They desyre hurt for them selfas all of wyl
And the cause why they desyre to come therby
Is for to lyff for deth is so lothly

He that is sorowfull wold lyff to be sorper
And he that is old wold lyff to be elder

¶ Sayre damesell who can shew all the hurt of age
His weynes feblenes his discontentynge 670
His chylidishnes howardnes of his rage
Wrynkelynge in the face lak of syght and herynge
Holownes of mouth fall of teth faynt of goynge
And worst of all posselld with pouerte
And the lymmys arested with debylite

M ¶ Moder ye haue takyn grete payn for age
wold ye not retorn to the begynnynge

C Folys are they that are past theyre passage
To begyn agayn which be at the endynge
For better is possession than the desyring 680

M I desyre to lyff lengger do I well or no
C That ye desyre well I thynk not so
C For as lone goth to market the lambys sell
As the thyppe / none so old but may lyff a pere
And ther is none so yong but ye wor well
May dye in a day then no aduauntage is here
Betwen youth & age þ matter is cleve
M wyth thy fablyng & thy resonyng I wys
I am begglyd but I haue knowen the or thys
C Art not celystyne þ dwellpd by the ryuer syde 690
ye for loth / **M** in dede age hath aray the
That thou art the now can skant be espyed
He thynkyth by thy fauour thou shuldyst be the
Thou art sore chaungid thou mayst beleue me
Fayre maydon kepe thou well thys tyme of youth
But bewte shall passe at þ last thys is truth
C yet I am not so old as ye iuge me
Good moder I ioy much of thyne accoyntaunce
And thy moderly reasons ryght well please me
And now I thank the here for thy paskaunce 700
Fare well tyll a nother tyme þ hap may chaunce
Agayn that we two may mete to gedyr
May hap ye haue bysynes I know not whether
C Angelyk ymage o ple so þcpous
How thou spekyt it reioysyth me to here
Knowst thou not by the deupne month gracious
That agaynst the infernall feend luyse re
we shuld not only lyf by bred here
But by our good workys wher in I take some payn
yf ye know not my mynd now all is in beyn 710
M Shew me moder hardely all thy neleslite
And yf I can I shall prouyde the remedy
C My neleslite nay god wot it is not for me
As for myne I last it at home surely
To ete when I wyll & drynk when I am dry
And I thank god euer one peny hath be myne
To by bred when I lyst & to haue .iiii. for wyne
C Afore I was wyddow I caryd neuer for it
For I had wyne ynough of myne owne to sell
And to a tolt in wyne by the fyre I could lye 720
to .ii. dosen soppe the collyk to quell
But now to me it is not so well
For I haue nothpyng but that is brought me
In a pytcher pot of quartys skant thre

¶ Thus I pray god help them that be neddy
For I speke not for my self alone
But as well for other how euer spede I
The infyrmyte is not myne though that I grone
It is for a nother y I make mone

And not for my self it is a nother way
But what I must mone where I dare not say
¶ Say what thou wylt & for whom thou lest
now gracypous damsell I thank you than
That to gyf audpens ye be so prest
to lyberall redynnes to me old woman

whych gyffyth me holdnes to shew what I can
Of one that lyeth in daunger by sekennes
Remyttynghys langour to your getyllnes

¶ What meanyst thou I pray the good moder
So forth to thy demaund as thou hast done
On the one pte thou prouokyst me to anger
And on the other syde to compassyon

I know not how thy answere to fastyon
The wordes whych thou spekest in my ptesence
Be so mysty / I plesue not thy sentence

¶ I sayd I last one in daunger of sekennes
Drawyng to deth for ought that I can se
Now chole you or no to be murderes

Di reupue hym to a word to come from the
I am happy yf my word be of such necessyte
To help any crystyn man or ells godde forbod
To do a good dede is lykynge to god

¶ For good dede to good men be a lowable
And spetsyally to neddy aboue all othe
And euer to good dedys ye shall fynd me agreable
Trustyng ye wyl exhort me to non other
Therfor sere not spek your peticio good mother
For they that may hele sekfolk & do refuse theym
Suerly of theyre deth they can not excuse theym

¶ Full well & gracypously the case ye consyder
For I neuer beleuyd that god in vayne
wold gyff you such countenaunce & betore to gedye
But chaunte therwith to releue folke in payn
And as god hath gyffyn you so gyff hym agayn
For folke be not made for them self onely
For then they shuld lyff lyke best all rudely
¶ Among whych best yet some be pytesnt
The vnicoine humblyth hym self to a mayd

730

740

750

760

And a dog in all his power yrefull
Let a man fall to ground his anger is delayd 770
Thus by nature pyte is conueyd

The kok when he krapith & happith mete to fynd
Callith for his hennē lo se the gentyll kynde
Shuld humayn creaturys than be of cruelnes
Shuld not they to theyre neyhouys shew charyte
And speccally to them wyappyd in lekenes
Than they that may hele theym cause þ infirmyte
M^r Mother without delay for godde sake shew me
I pray the hartly wythout more prayeng

where is the patient that so is paynyng 780

C^e Fayre dāsell thou maist well haue knowlege herto
That in this Cyte is a yong knyght
And of clere lynage callyd Calisto
Whole lyfe & body is all in the I plyght
The pellycan to shew naturys ryght
Fedyth his byrds me thynkith I shuld not pch the
Thou wotist what I meane lo nature shuld tech the

M^r A ha is this the entent of thy conclusyon
Tell me no moze of this matter I charge the
Is thys the dolent for whom thou makyst petycyō 790
Art thou come hyther thus to desleue me
Thow herdyst dame shameles thou semest to be
Is this he that hath the passio of folishnes
Thikyfst thou rybaud I am lynch one of lewdnes

It is not sayd I se well in dayn
The tong of man & woman worst members be
Thow brut baud thou gret enemy to honesse certayn
Cause of secret errours Jhu Jhu bnedicite
So good hodi take this old thefe fro me
That thus wold me disleue me w her fals slepyght 800

C^e Go owt of my syght now / get the hens slepyght
In an pupill howre cam I hyther I may say
I wold I had brokyn my legge twayn

M^r Go hens thou brothell go hens in the dyuyl way
Bydyfst thou yet to increale my payn
Wylt thou make me of thys sole to be sayn
To gyue hym lyfe to make hym mery
And to my self deth to make me sorpy
I wilt thou here away profet for my perdicion
Aud make me lese the house of my fater
To wyn the howse of such an old matrone
As thou art shamfullyst of all other 810

Thikist thou that I ſiderſtād not thou fallſ mother
 Thy hurtfull meſſage thy falſ ſubtell wayſ
 Make a mende to god thou lyſt to long dayſ
 ¶ Anſwere thou traytres how daist be ſo hold
 Ce The ſere of the makyth me ſo dylmayd
 That the blod of my body is almoſt cold
 A laſ ſayre maydyn what haſt thou ſayd
 To me pore wydow why am I denayd 820
 Here my cōclucion which ys of honeſte
 Wout cauſe ye blame thys gentylman & me
 M I ſey I wyll here no more of that ſole
 Was he not here with me eyn now
 Thow old which thou bryngyſt me in grette dole
 Ask him what anſweye he had of me & how
 I toke hys demaund as now know mayſt thou
 More ſhewyng is but loſt where no mercy can be
 Thus I anſwerd hym & thus I anſwer the
 Ce The more ſtraunge the makyth the gladder am I 830
 Ther is no tempaſt that euer doth endure
 M what ſeyſt thou what ſeyſt thow ſhameful enmy
 Speke out. Ce. ſo ſerd I am of your dylpleaſure
 Your anger is ſo grette I pleyue it ſure
 And your pacpens is in ſo gret an hete
 That for wo & ſere I both wepe & ſwete
 M Lyttyll is the hete in copayſon to ſay
 To the gret boldneſſ of thy demeanyng
 Ce ſayre maydyn yet one word now I you pray
 Appeale to pacpens & here my ſayeng 840
 It Iſ for a prayer meſtres my demaundyng
 That is ſayd ye haue of ſeynt appolyne
 For the toth ake wher of this man is in pyne
 ¶ And the gyrdle there thou weryſt about the
 ¶ So many holy relyke it hath towchyd
 That thys knyght thynktyh his hote thou maiſt be
 Therefore let thy pyte now be a bouchyd
 For my hart for ſere / lyke adog is couchyd
 The delyght of bengennis who ſo doth ble
 Pyte at theyre nede ſhall theym reſule 850
 Cyf this be new that thou ſeyſt to me now
 Wpn hart is lyghtnyd perſeyuyng thecaſe
 I wold be content well yf I wyll how
 To bryng this ſeke knyght vnto ſome ſolas
 Ce ſayre damſell to the be helth & grace
 For yf this knyght & ye were aquayntyd both two

ye wold not iudge him the man that ye do
 ¶ By god & by my soule in him is no malyncoly
 With grace indewid in fredome as alexandre
 In strenght as hecitor in countenance mery 860
 Gracious / enuy in him reynyed neuer
 Of noble blod as thou knowyst / & yf ye euer
 Saw him armyd he semeth a seynt george
 Rather than to be made in nature forge
 ¶ An angell thou woldist iudge him I make auow
 The gentyll narcissus was neuer so fayre
 That was ināmorcyd on his own shadow
 wherfore fayre mayde let thy pyte repayre
 Let mercy be thy mother & thou her heyre
 This knyght whom I come for neuer leaspyth 870
 But cryeth out of payn that styll encreaspyth
 ¶ How long tyme I pray the hath it holdyn hym
 I thynk he be .xxiiii. yeres of age
 I saw hym born & holpe for to fold hym
 I demaund the not therof thyne answer alwage
 I ask the how long in this paynfull rage
 He hath leyn / Ce. of trewth sayr maydyn as he says
 He hath be in this agony this .viii. days
 ¶ But he semyth he had leyn this .vii. pere
 O how it greuyth me the il of my pacient 880
 Knowyng his agony & thy innocency here
 Unto myne anger thou hast made resistens
 wherfore thy demaund I graunt in recompens
 Haue here my gyrdyll the prayer is not redy
 To morow it shalbe / come agayn secretly
 ¶ And moder of these wordes passyd betwene vs
 Shew uoþyng therof vnto this knyght
 Lest he wold report me cruell & surpous
 I trust the / now be trew for thought be lyght
 I meruell gretly thou dost me so atwyght 890
 Of the dout that thou hast of my secretnes
 As secret as thy self I shall be dowteles
 ¶ And to calisto w this gyrdle celestina
 Shall go and his ledy hart make hole & lyght
 For gabriell to our lady w aue maria
 Came neuer gladder than I shall to this knyght
 Calisto how wylt thou now syt by ryght
 I haue shewid thy water to thy phelycyon
 Comfort thy self the feld is half won
 ¶ Moder he is much beholdyn vnto the 900
 Ci.

Ce Fayr maydyn for the mercy thou hast done to vs
This knyght & I both thy bedfolkis shall be
Wider yt nede be I wyll do more than thus
Ce It shalbe nedefull to do so / & ryghteous
 For this thus begon must nedis haue an ende
 which neuer can be wout ye condescend
Me Well mother to morow is a new day
 I shall performe that I haue you promest
 Shew to this leke knyght in all that I may
 Byd him be hold in all thyngis honest
 And though he to me as yet be but a gest
 If my word or dede his helth may support
 I shall not sayle and thus byd him take comfort
 Et exeat melebea.

910

Ce Now cryst comfort y & kepe the in thy nede
 How say you now is not this matter carped clene
 Can not old celestina her matter spede
 A thing not well handlyd is not worth a bene
 Now know ye by y half tale what y hole doth meane
 These women at the furst be angry & furpous
 Fayre wether comyth after stormys tempestpous
And now to calisto I wyll me dres
 which lyeth now languythyng in grete payn
 And shew hym that he is not remedyles
 And beze hym this to make hym glad and fayn
 And handyll hym so that ye shall ley playn
 That I am well worthy to beze the name
 For to be callyd a noble arche dame
 Danio pater melebee.

920

Meruelous god what a dreame had I to nyght
 Most terryble bysion to report and here
 I had neuer none such nor none perthely wyght
 Alas when I thynk thereon I quak for feze
 It was of melebea my doughter deze
 God send me good tythpugl of her tho rtyl
 For tyll I here from her I can not be mery
Deze father nothyng may me moze displease
 Nothyng may do me moze anoyans
 Nothyng may do me gretter disease
 Than to se you father in any perturbans
 For me chesly or for any other chauns
 But for me I pray you not to be sad
 For I haue no cause but to be mery and glad
Da Wete melebea my doughter deze
 I am replete with Joy and felycpte

940

For that ye be now in my presens here
 As I perceyue in Joy & prosperite
 From deth to lyfe me thynketh it reuyveth me
 For the ferefull dreame y I had lately
 what dreame syr was that I pray you hertely
 ¶ Dowtles me though y I was walkyng
 In a fayre orchard where were placys two
 The one was a hote bath holsome & pleasyng
 To all people that dyd repayre therto
 To walsch them & clens them from sekenes also
 The other a pyt of foule synkyng water
 Shortely they dyed all that ther in did enter
 ¶ And vnto this holesome bath me thought y ye
 In the ryght path were comyng apase
 But before that me thought that I dyd see
 A foule rough bych aprikeryd cur it was
 whych strakyng her body along on the gras
 And w her tayle lykkyd her so that she
 Made her selfe a fayre spaniell to be
 ¶ Thys bych then me thought met you in the way
 Leppynge & sawnyng vppon you a pale
 And rownd a bowt you dyd renne & play
 whych made you then dysport & solas
 whych lykyd you so well y in short space
 The way to the hote bath anon ye left it
 And toke the streyght way to the foule pyt
 ¶ And euer ye lokyd continually
 vppon that same bych & somoch her eyed
 That ye cam to the foule pyt brynk sodenly
 Lyke to haue fallyn in & to haue bene dystroyed
 whych when I saw anon than I cryed
 Stertynge in my slepe & therw dyd awake
 That yet for fere me thynk my body doth quake
 ¶ Was not this a ferefull dreame & mezelous
 I pray you doughter what thynk ye now to this
hic melebea certo tempore nō loquū sed uultu lamentabli respicit
 why speke ye not why he ye now so studious
 Is there any thyng y hath chauncyd you amys
 I am your father tell me what it is
 A las now your dreame whych ye haue exprestyd
 ¶ Hath made me all penyte & loze abalshyd
 I pray you dere doughter now tell me why
 Sir I know the canse of your viscion
 And what your dredefull dreame doth signyfy
 Ther of wold I sayn now haue noticion

M Alas dere fader alas what haue I done
D Offendyd god as a wrech vnworthy
wherein / dyspayre not god is full of mercy
Et genuflectat

M Than on my knees now I fall downe
And of god chesely askyng forgyfnes
And next of you for in to oblyuon
I haue put your doctryne & lessens dowtles
D Feze not doughter I am not mercales
I trust ye haue not so gretly offendyd
But that ryght well it may be amendyd

1000

M Ye haue fosterid me by full lounyngly
In vertuous discyplyne whych is the ryght path
To all grace & vertew whych doth sygnifye
By your dreame & sayre plesaunt holecome bath
The soule pyt whereof ye dremyd which hath
Destroyd so many betokneth hyle & syn
In whych alas I had almost fallyn In

M The prikeryd curr & the foule bych
whych made her self to smoth & sayre to see
Betokenyng an old quene a baudy wyche
Callyd celystyne that too myght she be
whych to her sayre wordes ay so pswadyd me
That she had almost brought me here vnto
To fulfyll the foule lust of calisso

1010

D Alas dere doughter I taught you a lesson
whych way ye shuld attayn vnto vertew
That was every mornyng to say an oracion
Prayeng god for grace all byce to elchew

M dere fader that lesson I haue kept trewe
whych preseruyd me / for though I dyd cōset
In mynd / yet had he neuer hys intent

1020

D The vertew of that prayer I se well on thing
Hath preseruyd you from the shame of that syn
But because ye were somewhat cōsentynge
ye haue offendid god gretly therin
wherefore doughter ye must now begyn
humbly to besech god of hys mercy
For to forgyue you your syn & mylery

M O blyssid lord & fader celestiall
whose infynite merci no tong can exprese
Though I be a sinner wrech of wrechis all
yet of thy gret merci graunt me forgyfnes
Full sore I repent my syn I cōfesse

1030

Intendynge hens forth neuer to offend more
 Now humbly I beleeue thy mercy therefore
 ¶ Now þ is well sayd myne one sayre daughter
 Stand vp therefore for I know verely
 That god is good & mercyfull euer
 To all synners whych wyll ask mercy
 And be repentaunt & in wyll clerely
 To syn no more / he of hys grette goodnes
 wyll graunt them therefore his grace & forgifnes
 ¶ Lo here ye may see what a thyng it is
 To bryng vp yong people vertuously
 In good custome / for grace doth neuer mys
 To them that vse good prayers dayly
 which hath preseruyd thys mayde vndoutydly
 And kept her fro actuall dede of shame
 Brought her to grace preseruyd her good name
 ¶ wherfore ye byrgyns & sayre maydens all
 Unto this example now take good hede
 Serue god dayly the soner ye shall
 To Honeste & goodnes no dout procede
 And god shall send you euer his grace at nede
 To withstand all euyl temptacions
 That shall come to you by any occasions
 ¶ And ye fathers mothers & other which be
 Rulers of yong folke your charge is dowtles
 To bryng them vp vertuously & to see
 Them occupied styll in some good bysynes
 Not in idell pastyme or vnrhytynes
 But to teche them some art craft or lernyng
 whereby to be able to get theyr lyflynge
 ¶ The bryngers vp of youth in this region
 Haue done gret harme beseaule of theyr neclyges
 Not puttyng them to lernyng nor occupacions
 So when they haue no craft nor sciens
 And com to mans state ye see theyr pience
 That many of them compellyd be
 To beg or stele by very necessite
 ¶ But yf there be therefore any remedy
 The hedys & rulers must first be dyligent
 To make good lawes & execute them straitely
 Uppon such maystres that be neclygent
 Alas we make no lawes but ponyshment
 when men haue offendyd / but lawes euermore
 wold be made to preuent the cause before

1040

1050

1060

1070

¶ If the cause of the myscheff were seen before
 whych by cōiecture to fall be most lykely
 And good lawes & ordynauncys made therfore
 to put a way the cause / y were best remedi
 what is the cause that ther be so many
 Thefte & robberies / it is be cause mē be
 Dryuen therto by nede & pouerte

• 108c

¶ And what is the verey cause of that nede
 Be cause they labur not for theyr lyffynge
 And trewth is they can not well labour in dede
 Be cause in yowth of theyr ydyll sphyngynge
 But this thyng shall neuer come to reformynge
 But the world cōtynually shalbe nought
 As long as yong pepyll be euell sphynght
 ¶ wherfore the eternall god that rayneth on hys
 Send his mercifull grace & influens
 To all gouernours that they circumspectly
 May rule theyr inferiours by such prudence
 To bryng them to vertew & dew obedyens
 And that they & we all by his grete mercy
 May be pteners of hys blessed glory.

• 109x

Amen.

Johēs castell me imprimi fecit

Cum priuilegio regali

